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You Can't

Get more than all the news in any paper, nor pay less than One Cent for it. . . .

PRICE ONE CENT.

ATTENDED HIS OWN FUNERAL.

McKinney Thinks He Has Lived Long Enough and Declares Himself Dead.

Crowds Attend the "Funeral" and Pray Lustily for His Soul's Safety.

The Old Gentleman Is Profoundly Touched by the Relation of His Own Many Virtues.

SHAKING HANDS WITH THE "CORPSE."

The Only Thing Lacking in This Queer Ohio Ceremony to Make it a Real Funeral Was a Real Dead Body.

Portsmouth, O., June 21.—Lorenzo Dow McKinney to-day heard preached his own funeral sermon. On June 17 Mr. McKinney, who is a wealthy farmer of Scott County, was eighty years of age and he has said many times during the past ten years that if he ever attained that age he intended to have his funeral sermon preached while he was still among the quick. He would thus be able to keep the preacher from straying into the pleasant fields of post-mortem fiction about his good traits.

Several months ago, when it appeared that Mr. McKinney was going to attend the required age, he engaged the Rev. F. E. Evans, of the Christian Church, to prepare a sermon. He then made a contract with the Cincinnati Crematory to dispose of his body when dead.

Mr. McKinney is firm in the belief that he cannot live the year out, although now he is the picture of sturdy health. Despite his eighty years, his step is as firm and his eye as keen as the average man of forty. Although his singular notion concerning his funeral would seem to indicate an abnormal mental condition, he has given no other sign of eccentricity. He has been a very successful man, and although he has given large portions to each of his seven children, he still retains in his own name a magnificent farm of some five hundred acres, the cultivation of which he personally oversees.

It was intensely hot to-day and the road to Fallen Timber, where this queer ceremony took place, is twenty miles long and nearly a foot deep with dust. This did not deter hundreds of people from going. The place selected originally was the little chapel used for ordinary services, but it was early ascertained that this would not hold one-tenth of the multitude that would be present, and the beautiful grove on the side hill across from the church was selected and made ready for the ceremony.

CROWDS AT THE "FUNERAL."

Rude board seats were put up, and at the lower edge of the grove a platform was erected. It was from here that the Rev. Mr. Evans preached his queer discourse, while just back of him sat the subject, detailing in every word that fell from the lips of the preacher and evidently profoundly impressed with the solemnity of the occasion. The crowd present was variously estimated at from five to seven thousand and the road for a mile was so blocked with vehicles that many turned back in despair. The busy folk did not fail to take advantage of the occasion, and the space for half a mile in front of the grove was occupied by a busy community of pop-corn, lemonade and hokee-pokee men hawking their wares at the top of their voice.

When the grove was filled and the hour for the beginning of the services, which had been fixed at half-past 10, arrived, Mr. McKinney was conducted to the platform by eight venerable men of about his age, who had known him from youth. These men, who corresponded to the pall bearers of an ordinary funeral, stopped at the platform and Mr. McKinney, preceded by the minister, mounted the rostrum. Then an old man, trembling with age, was called from the congregation to the platform. It was Jared Blakeman, the singing leader of the country side.

SERVICES FOR THE "DEAD."

Time, which had bowed his form, had not effected a singularly strong and rich baritone voice. He started the old song "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and as the thousands of voices caught the melody it swelled out over the valley and re-echoed back from the neighboring hills with increased volume of sound. Following the song, the minister offered up a fervent prayer for the soul of the man whose funeral was that day celebrated by ceremonies so singular and then again the woods resounded with the "Sweet By and By," led by the same aged chorister.

Before the minister began his discourse he referred to the peculiar nature of the services, there being but one other man whose history recorded as having ordered a like ceremonial. That man was the Emperor Charles V. of Spain, who commanded that high mass be celebrated for the repose of his soul. It was no farce or idle show, the preacher said, that was to be enacted.

Mr. McKinney, he said, had lived the allotted time set apart to man, and from now henceforth he merely lived on borrowed time. He was deeply impressed with the thought that his time to die was at hand, and his request that the funeral sermon be preached while he was yet alive was merely a slight forestallment of what was a certain event in the near future.

The preacher then announced his text, II. Timothy, 4th chapter, and the latter part of the fourth verse: "The time of my departure is at hand."

From this most appropriate text he preached a sermon of rare impressiveness, turning to account the seeming absurdity of the circumstances and transforming the ridiculous almost into the sublime. In the course of his sermon he spoke of Mr. McKinney as one departed, told of his blameless life, his great generosity, his kindness to

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WHARTON BARKER OUTSPOKEN.

Presidential Candidate of the Eastern Silverites Says They Will Control at Chicago.

To W. R. Hearst, the Journal, N. Y.:

Jenkintown, Pa., June 21.—No gold Democrat can either be nominated or elected. Mr. Whitney speaks for the money cliques, whose aim has been to make the United States subservient to Great Britain, and his advice will neither be asked nor heeded by the bimetalists in the Democratic party, who will control the Chicago convention.

I have no doubt bimetalists clearly outnumber single gold standard men in the great central States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, as well as in the South and West. I believe the Chicago convention, controlled as it will be by patriotic Democrats and bimetalists, resolved on freeing America from subservience to foreign money cliques and our producing classes from the thralldom of virtual slavery, will arise above partisanship and act, not as a Democratic convention, but as a convention representing the bimetalists of all parties, and that they will nominate a Presidential candidate acceptable to all bimetalists.

The fight is not sectional. It is a struggle between those who mean America shall have financial and industrial, as well as political, independence on the one hand, and those money cliques whose profit is in forcing our country deeper and deeper into debt to Great Britain on the other. It is a fight between Americans and those with alien interests; between justice and injustice, truth and falsehood, and there can be no question of the result, provided the bimetallic Democrats nominate a Presidential candidate whom all bimetalists can support. Gold monometalism means poverty, misery, despair. The restoration of bimetalism by opening our mints to the free coinage of silver can alone bring prosperity.

WHARTON BARKER,

Candidate for President of the Eastern Silverites.

Peffer Says It Is Not a Democratic Year.

Washington, June 21.

To W. R. Hearst, the Journal, New York:

I think Mr. Whitney wise in declining a nomination. This is not a Democratic year. If all friends of silver unite in the campaign they can name the next President. As to the success of the silver cause ruining the country, that is nonsense. We are all Americans.

W. A. PEFFER, Senator from Kansas.

Not Whitney's Fight Says Senator Jones.

To W. R. Hearst, the Journal:

In view of Mr. Whitney's figures it was to be expected that he would make a statement. He wants the public to know in advance that his proposed visit to Chicago is hopeless. I have the greatest respect for Mr. Whitney, and I regret he has been forced into his present position. It was not his fight.

JOHN P. JONES, Senator from Nevada.

Lauterbach Calls Whitney a Republican.

To W. R. Hearst, the Journal:

Having heard of the statement of the views of ex-Secretary of the Navy William C. Whitney, I extend him my congratulations because he is a good Republican. E. C. LAUTERBACH, Chairman Republican County Committee.

Washington Hesing Agrees with Whitney.

Chicago, June 21.

To W. R. Hearst, the Journal, New York:

I never considered Mr. Whitney was in the race, having been privately informed that he never for a minute considered the idea of allowing his name to go before the convention, and as already very nearly a majority of all the delegates have been instructed for free silver, it would be useless to urge him now.

What he says about the adoption of a free coinage plank, its suicidal effect upon the party and its ruin to the country, exactly meets my views. I regret that the Democratic party has not foresight enough to nominate Mr. Whitney on a sound money platform, for I believe that Mr. Whitney, a sound money platform and revenue reform would beat McKinley, who is not sound on the money question, and high protection.

WASHINGTON HESING,

Democratic Leader in Illinois.

Stewart Finds Cause to Blame Cleveland.

To W. R. Hearst, the Journal, New York:

The hoodoo which President Cleveland has held over the American people has been broken. It is represented that Mr. Cleveland is very angry because the people have discovered the delusion. There is no excuse for his anger. He made a great mistake in sending his Cabinet to Kentucky, Georgia, Alabama and Nebraska to explain his hoodoo game, because he ought to have known that every explanation would involve further explanations, and that the more explanations that were made the greater the danger of discovery.

The wise thing for him to have done was to have continued his practice of using no phrase which could be understood. He should have adhered to the sonorous expressions of "sound money," "safe currency," "unselfish patriotism," and "loyalty to the great principles of the Democratic party." If he had done that, and allowed his friends in Wall Street to furnish the reasons, which they are abundantly able to do, in these times of want, distress and misery, things might have been different.

But the most cruel and absurd part of the whole proceeding was his call on Whitney—"Help me, Cassius, or I sink!" The use of Mr. Whitney to rescue the great hoodoo game after it had been exposed by Carlisle and Little Eckels was asking too much on the ground of either patriotism or friendship. Mr. Whitney does well to define his position in the matter and relieve himself of any part of the odium of the failure which Cleveland's indiscretion has already made inevitable.

After two-thirds of the delegates to the Chicago Convention had been elected as friends of silver, the call on Mr. Whitney by the Executive would naturally suggest that it was thought that Mr. Whitney would be willing to lead the forlorn hope by the use of unlimited corruption funds. Mr. Whitney has done himself great honor in declaring in advance that the majority of the Chicago Convention would necessarily nominate a Western silver man and adopt a silver platform.

We are rejoiced that Mr. Whitney has defined the character of his mission and relieved himself of the odium of the suspicion that he could be called upon at the eleventh hour to do by corruption what the Administration had failed to accomplish with all the power and patronage of the Government.

We regret that Mr. Whitney thinks that free coinage would destroy the Democratic party. The indiscriminate coinage of the two metals was a cardinal Democratic principle from the foundation of the Government until the first election of Mr. Cleveland, who was elevated to power in 1884 on a free coinage platform.

WILLIAM M. STEWART, Senator from Nevada.

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WHO IS SELLING ASTOR RELICS?

Toys of Mrs. William's Grandchildren in a Public Mart.

Also Splendid Gowns Once Worn by Mrs. Drayton, Their Mother.

Even a Lace-Trimmed Cradle in Which One of the Children Was Rocked.

MANUSCRIPT OF J. COLEMAN DRAYTONS.

Goods Were Sent to the Auction Room from a Storage Warehouse and Mrs. Drayton Declares That She Did Not Send Them.

Auctioneers become so used to the mysterious that they regard almost everything as commonplace, but still Flattau, the proprietor of the salesroom at University place and Thirteenth street, is curious to know how it happened that three van loads of the furniture and finery of the Coleman Draytons were left at his place to be sold under the hammer to-morrow.

The goods were brought without explanation and with simply an order to sell them from the Manhattan Storage Warehouse. The auctioneer did not know to whom they belonged until he discovered the name of Drayton on the tags.

Then he found, to his amazement, that it was to be his one privilege to offer to the great multitude, the prying people who go to auction rooms to satisfy curiosity, the bargain hunters and the second-hand dealers the toys of the juvenile Draytons: a cradle in which an Astor grandchild was rocked, a rich gown worn by a daughter of the house of wealth, a college oration by the man who would have plucked Hallett Alsop Borrows with bullets, and furniture, trinkets and finery of the couple so much talked of that all the world knows the name.

NO WONDER HE WAS AMAZED. It is not surprising that the auctioneer could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses. The goods that had been brought to him to dispose of were clearly belongings of the Drayton family, but how did they happen to be offered for sale?

He speculated hard upon it, and many there will be apt to do the same thing. It might be thought that Mrs. Drayton had decided to put out of memory all that had connected her with the past, but still it was hard to believe that she would cause the toys of her children to be sold. He was quite right there. Mrs. Drayton would not sell those things. She is in great distress of mind over the publicity that has been given to the mere theory that she could do such a thing.

MRS. DRAYTON DID NOT SEND THEM. She said last evening: "It is quite untrue that I have sent any of my effects or any of my children's to the auction rooms to be sold. Neither do I intend to sell my household furniture. When Mr. Drayton left the house he took some things with him. I know nothing about the proposed sale. As for my wedding gown being sold in such a manner—it is absurd."

This denial on the part of Mrs. Drayton adds, of course, to the mystery of the affair, and the all-important question is who ordered the goods sold, and why. Neither Mr. or Mrs. Drayton is in the way of the comparatively small sum which will be realized from the sale.

There is the possibility of course that a mistake has been made, that the furniture storage charges had inadvertently not been paid, that the goods had been sent in place of some others or that they had been stolen by some careless thief who forgot to take off the tags.

Again, it is possible that they may have been in the care of some servant of Mr. Drayton's who held the storage receipts and who was pressed for money.

At all events the things will be sold to-morrow by the auctioneer unless the owner comes after them, and pays charges. The auctioneer says this and he expects that the sale will be nearly as great an attraction as a political convention. The goods will go to whoever bids highest, whether it be boarding house keepers, second hand dealers or hunters of fashionable relics.

"The sale is to be without reserve," said Flattau, "and I'm thinking," he added, "that maybe the name will boom the price, eh?"

A WONDERFUL GOWN. As a lot by itself is a trunk of French make, and with steamer tags on it, which show it has crossed the ocean at least half a dozen times. The first thing under the lid is a rich satin gown. It is trimmed with the finest of lace, with amber colored velvet and has the long train of a wedding gown. An expert would probably find it was made by Worth, but rich as it was it was worn but a few times, perhaps only once. This theory is borne out by the fact that of the throat there is a cluster of trifling orange blossoms left as they were when the dress was last worn. It is creased from being long in the trunk, but has not been injured in anyway, and should it fall in the hands of some handy housewife it will be easily made over into a gown of up-to-date fashion and rare elegance.

Other dresses, old fashioned in make, of course, but expensive in stuff and trimmings, are included in the trunk, and with them are lace-trimmed nightgowns, underwear covered with embroidery, silk hosiery and many other accessories of a fine lady's toilet. They will all be sold in one lot with the trunk, and the buyer, that everything is genuinely good stuff, for on nearly all the articles are marked the initials "C. A. D."—Charlotte Astor Drayton. The same initials are on the trunk, and also on another, likewise filled with clothes.

LOT OF CHILDREN'S TOYS. Then there will be a pathetic incident in the sale of the toys. They were the play-

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WHY WHITNEY FIGHTS.

Reiterates That He Is Not a Candidate and Says the Adoption of a Silver Plank Would Plunge the Country Into Ruin.

To W. R. Hearst, The Journal, New York:

Sir—I find it necessary to make a public statement embodying my views of the situation, to correct misconceptions and save the time now occupied in answering questions: Far too great importance has been attached to my decision to go to the Chicago Convention.

I have been practically out of politics for four years, and there are now many Eastern Democrats who can do much more than I can for the party. I shall not assume any position of leadership. My decision to stay was simply based on the duty of every person who believes in the party for its principles to stand by and lend his aid and take his chances when a great crisis is upon it.

There can be no question but that a great crisis is upon the Democratic party. Fundamental differences of principle exist inside the party, marked almost by sectional lines.

The great question to my mind is whether the party meets in convention now, as in 1880, with issues and differences that are for the moment irreconcilable. For the last fifteen years leaders of public opinion in the South and West have been advocating as the great remedy for existing ills the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1, with or without the co-operation of other nations.

It has come to be believed in, there, quite generally and conscientiously. A large majority of the delegates to the coming Democratic Convention have been elected by the people for the purpose of incorporating that doctrine into the platform of the Democratic party.

Threatened Disruption of the Party. Our people, on the other hand, entirely disagree with these views, and believe almost universally that it will bring general ruin to the business and prosperity of the country. It is deemed a new doctrine when proposed to be incorporated into the platform of the national Democracy. It is true that in no previous platform of the party can it specifically be found. Consequently no party obligations heretofore assumed oblige them to subscribe to it.

Under these circumstances, if the results of the Democratic Convention should be to establish as the issue of this campaign the free coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1, independent of other nations, in the intensity of feeling likely to arise, it is to be seriously apprehended that a disruption of the Democratic party might occur.

Certainly no substantial following could be secured for the doctrine among Eastern Democrats. They might not vote the Republican ticket for other reasons (believing that the Republican party stands for other issues that are detrimental to the country), but the Democrats in the East would not, in my opinion, vote for it.

Silver's Value Has Declined.

This movement for free coinage purports to have for its object the establishment and maintenance of gold and silver as the money of the country, upon equal terms with each other, and at a parity of purchasing power. If by the proposed measure that object could be secured, there would be no substantial disagreement in the party.

Every national Democratic platform that has heretofore spoken upon the subject has declared for both gold and silver money. It is our traditional policy. But the maintenance of the double standard at the present time is not a question of desire, it is a question of ability.

The commercial value of silver has declined greatly in the markets of the world.

Whatever the causes are and whoever is to blame, the fact is that silver has declined, and free coinage now at 16 to 1 is the same as our offering for all the silver in the world about twice what it is selling for in the market. International exchanges have to be paid in gold, and it would seem plain that if we, under these conditions, open our mints to the free coinage of silver and gold at a ratio of comparative value which is largely at variance with the commercial value of the two metals, we must take the entire silver surplus ourselves, and alone maintain its parity with gold, or else we shall go to a silver basis.

Silver Monometallism Not Democracy.

France, in 1873, closed her mints against silver and abandoned this experiment, deeming herself unequal to the task alone, and at that time it was much less difficult, for silver was then at par with gold at the ratio in use, and even England's mints in India were open to the free coinage of silver. If the experiment of maintaining the parity of the two metals at a coinage standard was difficult then, it would seem to be positively hopeless now, without international agreement. Germany, France, Belgium, Italy and Austria believe in a double standard and desire to establish it, but no one, two or three of them deem themselves able to maintain the double standard, even with the co-operation of the United States.

If the result of the measures proposed would be to carry us to a silver basis, it is not felt here that such a proposal would be in line with the principles of the Democratic party.

It is not the joint standard with the purchasing power of the dollars at parity with each other, but it is changing from one standard to another, and that change being to a depreciated coin.

And it is also felt, aside from the absence of any democratic principle to sustain it, that you cannot have such a disturbance of values as would come from changing from a gold to a silver basis, without such a shock to confidence, the hoarding of gold and contraction of your available circulating medium, as would bring, in the opinion of our people, the worst panic and distress we have ever seen in this country. The creditor classes are prepared for it. The obligations, mortgages, railroad and otherwise, are quite generally payable in gold. Debts will still have to be paid in gold, but wages in silver the sufferers, as usual, being the poorer classes.

Comes at an Inopportune Time.

This movement, purporting to be in the interest of the joint standard, comes at a most inopportune time, in my opinion.

There has never been a time, when the prospects of international action favorable to the joint standard were at all as promising as at the present moment. But an ill-advised, unsuccessful attempt here, would discredit the cause the world over.

What is the situation as regards this?

From the discussion of the last twenty years, it has come to pass, that among the persons in Europe, who are trained, recognized scientists upon monetary and economic questions, scarcely one is not at the present moment advocating the desirability of the joint standard as the real solution of the monetary difficulties of the world. This includes every professor engaged in teaching or lecturing on these subjects in the universities of Great Britain.

They are agreed upon the desirability of it, and that it is entirely practicable, if established and maintained by agreement of the principal commercial nations.

It would be expected that with such a general consensus of scientific opinion as is to be found abroad upon this subject, it would come rapidly to be the generally received opinion of the nations to be affected by a wise settlement of the problem.

Such is the case. Of the Continental nations, Germany was the one that in 1872 practically broke up the conference which met at the suggestion of the United States.

She instructed her delegates to meet and talk, but to state to the conference that she would not change her imperial standard. As her standard was gold, that announcement ended all possibility of any practical result from that conference. Since that time and within the last year her legislative assemblies have specifically, by vote of instruction to her ministers, changed her attitude upon that point. So that the specific objection of Germany encountered by the conference of 1892 has been since considered and withdrawn.

At the present moment Germany, France, Italy, Austria, Holland, Belgium and the United States wish to co-operate for the establishment and maintenance of the joint standard by international agreement and (A MOST IMPORTANT CIRCUMSTANCE) Great Britain has recently, within three months, in fact, made a most important concession. She has said: "We will do for you as much as

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LOVERS STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

The Man Is Killed Instantly and His Sweetheart Stunned.

Only Yesterday They Had "Made Up" a Quarrel and Were Very Happy.

Went to Van Cortlandt Park, and He Was Helping Her from a Wall When Death Came.

POLICEMAN BOLTE FINDS THE PAIR.

With the Dead Man in the Bottom of His Buggy and the Unconscious Girl on the Seat at His Side He Drives to the Nearest Station.

Charles Valenti, of No. 66 Wooster street, a foreman in the Street Cleaning Department, became engaged eighteen months ago to Miss Louisa Costella, of No. 312 East Twentieth street, a pretty girl in the employ of a cigar company at Twenty-ninth street and Third avenue. Shortly afterward they had a lovers' quarrel, and although they recognized each other when they met in the street or at church, they did not become reconciled until yesterday morning, when their friends, after mass was over at St. Mary Magdalen's Roman Catholic Church, in East Seventeenth street, prevailed upon them to forgive one another and renew the engagement.

The young couple were in the happiest mood at the glad ending of their differences, and Valenti proposed in honor of the event that they spend the day together and take an excursion of some sort. Miss Costella was delighted, and hurried home to get ready for the outing. Within an hour she and her lover were on their way uptown, carrying with them a basket containing their lunch.

CHOSE VAN CORTLANDT PARK FOR THEM.

They took a train at the Grand Central Depot and alighted at Van Cortlandt Park station. Then they locked arms and sauntered to the woods, through which they roamed for several hours, until at length they came to Dash's orchard, on Tibbitt's Brook lane, near Van Cortlandt avenue. It was now long past noon, and as the making had not interfered with their plans, Valenti's suggestion that they should have a picnic there proved agreeable to his sweetheart.

The spot was an ideal one for an out-door meal. Just inside the stone wall which runs along the lane stands an immense wide-spreading cherry tree. Its shade was very welcome to the lovers, as they spread their lunch on the grass beneath it and had a jolly, light-hearted time of it.

The gathering storm at last alarmed them, and they started down the lane in the hope, apparently of reaching the depot or some hospitable farmhouse before the rain descended. Their start, however, was made too late, and they had gone only a short distance when the rain deluge broke upon them. Then they turned back to the cherry tree. It offered the best shelter of anything in sight from the descending torrent. As they ran toward the tree Valenti gallantly rescued his coat and threw it over his sweetheart's head to protect her from the rain.

DIED WITH A KISS ON HIS LIPS.

The stone wall is three feet high and is four feet from the roadway. The wall is made up of rough stones, uncemented. As they reached the wall, Valenti, a strapping athletic fellow, lifted the girl in his arms with the utmost ease, and placed her upon the wall top. Then he himself climbed up and jumped to the other side.

Then he caught Miss Costella in his arms, so as to help her down. She leaned upon his shoulder, with her arms clasped around his neck, and he kissed her on the lips. At that moment came a fearful flash of lightning. The bolt struck Valenti on the right shoulder, killing him instantly. It also struck Miss Costella on the left shoulder, paralyzing her and rendering her unconscious. As they both fell to the ground the dead body of Valenti was at right angles to that of his sweetheart, the feet of the living and the dead touching each other.

The deadly lightning bolt happened at about 4:30 p. m. It was 5:15 p. m. before Valenti's death became known. Patrolman Henry Bolte, of the Kingsbridge Police Station, lives only a little distance from the scene of the tragedy. He was off duty, and moving about the grounds of his home, when he heard the low moaning of a woman. For a few moments he was unable to locate it, but at length reached the spot where the bodies lay. As he neared her he heard her faintly cry for help, and her entreaties to her lover to speak to her.

How long she had been beside his dead body before she recovered consciousness she could not say. Even when found by Patrolman Bolte she was still in a dazed condition.

RODE WITH HER LOVER'S BODY.

Bolte made a hasty examination of Valenti's body and convinced himself the man was dead. Then he jumped the creek and rushed to his stable, where he quickly harnessed his horse to an open buggy and drove around to where Valenti's body lay. He lifted it into the buggy and laid it in the bottom of the vehicle, so that the head hung over one side and the feet over the other. Next he put his arm around the waist of Miss Costella, who was dazed and injured to help herself, and lifted her on to the seat of the buggy. Not releasing his hold upon her for fear that she would fall from the seat, he got into the buggy, and, giving reins to the speedy little horse, dashed like mad toward the station house, not knowing but that the woman, as well as the man, would be dead before he reached his destination.

When the station house at Fordham Hospital was rung up afterward the ambulance, in which Bolte, drove up. He confirmed of the police that Valenti's death instantaneous. Miss Costella had consciousness in the drive from the station house, but she refused to speak once more after her arrival at the hospital. She continued to cry for her lover. Examination showed that a mark on her left shoulder lightning had struck her foot for fear that she would fall from the seat, he got into the buggy, and, giving reins to the speedy little horse, dashed like mad toward the station house, not knowing but that the woman, as well as the man, would be dead before he reached his destination.

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At a late hour last night the reported to be somewhat improved, paralysis was less marked, but the s